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Manager.

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ON TO Topolobampo!

HON. SILAS HARE is a story teller.

The people will separate the sheep from
the goats.

MULHATTON must have a job around
the Chiswick.

The Methodist conference meets in
the convention center to-morrow.

When Fort Worth tries to play host
she succeeds, and she usually tries.

Why of course! Certainly! Those
bombs were filled with dynamite—in a
horn.

The men who marched with Scott and
Taylor and Worth and Davis are in Fort
Worth.

HON. S. B. MAXEY was compelled to
bow to the applause which greeted his
presence on the stage yesterday.

While the veterans are here it may not
be out of place to remark that Fort
Worth is the great railroad center.

The track of the Fort Worth and Den-
ver is now 1513 3/4 miles, and by January
15 the track will reach the state line.

It ought not to be too soon to an-
nounce that next year Fort Worth
will have a live stock fair and exposition.

Over in Louisiana they are enjoying a
little taste of labor troubles, and it is in
one of the "protected" industries by the
way.

The mosquito is going into private life
and the iceman will soon follow. The
woodman and the book agent are still
with us.

MEANTIME Editor O'Brien is making
\$10,000 a week in an Irish dungeon.
Can't this imprisonment of editors be-
come popular?

FORT WORTH is the center of all the
great trunk lines running into the south-
west. This means that Fort Worth is to
be the great city of the southwest.

Law, speaking for society, has con-
demned the anarchists to death. If soci-
ety is afraid to execute its own mandate,
then let society surrender social order to
anarchy and substitute brute force and
chaos for social order.

Politics in New York must have been
red-hot. In one paragraph the Star puts
it this way: "Chicago is on guard
against the disorderly element. New
York is arming to the teeth to resist the
Hungarian incursion." Pulitzer of the
World is the "Hungarian."

The Philadelphia Record in its tire-
less fight against protection makes the
multum in parvo argument: "The Su-
preme court definition of a protective
tariff—to wit: 'legalized robbery'—has
never been improved upon. It is a dis-
quisition boiled down to two words."

KING MILAN of Serbia has been exer-
cising his constitutional right of appointing
several members of the Scupchina. When
a country is so lost to all sense of prop-
riety as to leave an old scupchina lay-
ing around loose, no one can blame a
king for wanting to fill it up with granger
legislators.

The Memphis wharfmaster has been
indicted twenty-eight times, and is said
to be short in his accounts over \$50,000.
He is charged with embezzlement twenty-
seven times and once with larceny.
His name is Killagher and from the man-
ner in which he has let things go it should
be Gallagher.

"The law is the law, and out of the
law you can make nothing but the law,"
and the law is supreme. The law may
be trampled under foot for a time, but the
law will assert itself. This is one lesson
taught by the indictments that will not
soon be forgotten in Fort Worth. And to
some men the lesson was needful.

Some of the aldermen are known to
have protested against the city's pur-
chase of goods from houses in which such
aldermen were interested. And yet they
were also indicted because, perhaps, not
all the aldermen are known to have pro-
tested against, being beneficiaries of
profits made out of the city. If the law
does not make the distinction the people
will—at the polls next April.

"Since that time a great war has been
fought on the soil of our common coun-
try; but, thank God, not a single star has
been obliterated from the flag of our com-
mon country." Thus spoke a man,
southern born and southern raised, in
bidding welcome to the Mexican war vet-
erans to this southern city of Fort Worth
yesterday, and southern men applauded
the sentiment to the echo. John Sherman
and Jim Blaine and their newspaper or-
gans please note.

The people of Fort Worth should not
permit their disgust and indignation over
the enrollment of innocent names in the
grand jury indictment to move to quash all
the indictments found. Trial and a jury
may be depended on to separate the tech-
nical and the deliberate. And the people
next April can give such answer back to
these indictments as will demonstrate
where offenses rest. Some of these in-
dicted aldermen will be re-elected by ac-
clamation, whether they will or not.

SOUTHERN Democratic papers are now
busily engaged in denouncing Republican
papers for "waving the bloody shirt," be-
cause they criticized the speech of General Jackson
at Micon—[Washington Republican].

And why not? Jackson represents a
memory and excites but the sentiment
and sympathy of respect. A young
southern speaker in Fort Worth "thanked
God that no star had been stricken from
the flag of our common country," and
such as he represent hope and inspire not
only respect, but action. The south of
to-day feels no shame for the past, but
its life, its hope, are in the present and
for the future, with thanks to God that
not one star is missing from the flag of
our common country.

The Louisville Times is a brave news-
paper, but it evidently doesn't know
when it has enough and fails to recog-
nize the utter hopelessness of a war with
that sex which reads the newspaper,
smiles at its vain struggle for justice, and
makes it up into a bustle. But the Times
is brave; it says: "Last night there were
scores of pretty women at Macaulay's
with hats as high as sugar loafs, deco-
rated with birds as big as the American
eagle, with wings spread and tail feath-
ers erect like the bird of Juno rampant,
and the little glass eyes in their heads
winked at the fellows in the seats behind
who had paid \$1 each to see Florence in
his inimitable impersonation of Bardwell
Slote, but only heard him; they could
not see him."

REDUCE THE TARIFF.

The blessings of liberty in commercial
as well as in personal matters have been
fully illustrated by the increased trade
between this country and Mexico under
the revised treaty stipulations. Our ex-
ports to Mexico have increased but little
short of 100 per cent in the past year,
and this has been brought about by
mutual concessions and mutual tariff
reductions. Those gentlemen who are so
valiantly struggling for free trade with
Canada should extend the scope of their
labors and work for free trade with Mex-
ico and all the sister republics of South
America. If we are to hold our doors
open free to the tollers of the earth, and
offer the downtrodden of all
lands an asylum from oppression,
we should endeavor to secure for
them a market for the products of their
labor. The poor who come to our shores
must engage in productive industries in
order to exist, and when an article is pro-
duced it should meet with no obstacles
in the way of finding a market. This is true
Democracy and true economic probity.

HARDENED CRIMINALS.

The Last of Two Gangs of Counterfeiters
Captured at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Nov. 8.—Gus Willing-
hurst, James Izo and John King, the last
of the noted gang of desperate criminals
and counterfeiters here, were arrested
last Friday by United States Detective
M. G. Bauer and assistants. For two
years Detective Bauer and his men have
been shadowing the members of two
gangs of counterfeiters who were
operating in this city and vicinity,
and thirteen hardened criminals are
now in the hands of the law. The desper-
adoes are all Louisville men and
their daring guilt have caused an
immense amount of trouble. So well
were the counterfeiters made that people
of every class and condition were imposed
upon. The operations of the swindlers
were so extensive that the government
authorities were forced to detail the best
men in the secret service to come here
and run down the guilty men. The
criminals did not confine themselves sim-
ply to the manufacture of worthless
money, but added highway robbery,
burglary, safe blowing and almost every
other crime to the list of their misdeeds.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The First Day's Proceedings of the
Fifteenth Annual Reunion of the
Mexican War Veterans As-
sociation.

Addresses of Welcome Delivered by
Mayor Broiles and T. J. Powell,
Esq.—Response by the
President.

An Enthusiastic Reception Extended
the Old Heroes, and Their Hearts
Are Made Young Again—Ad-
ditional Members.

Many of the Visitors from a Distance—Old
Friendships Renewed and Old Times
Lived Over Again.

The gods smiled yesterday. The sun
rose brightly, the air was pure and
bracing and the water—

The water was excellent.

Early in the morning the old veterans,
in obedience to the habits of a lifetime,
were astir, and the hotel rotundas were
crowded. Large numbers arrived on the
morning train to attend the reunion, and
these were bustling around getting their
badges and registering their names.

The headquarters at the Ellis hotel
were crowded, and many were the greet-
ings that were seen as recognition oc-
curred.

You belonged to Mississippi R.R.,
didn't you?"

"You're from Missouri, ain't you?"

"I think I know you," another would
say, "though I have not seen you since
we left the City of Mexico."

"And where is Comrade—who was
in—company?"

"And where is this one, and where is
that one?" was asked again and again,
with the usual monotonous answer, "He's
dead."

Indeed, it seemed that only those who
were present had still defied the end; and
the absent were gathered to their fathers.

About 10 o'clock the procession formed
and marched toward the opera house.

They marched 189, and every man a
brave. The opera house was appropri-
ately decorated. Rare plants and ex-
quisite flowers, indigenous and exotic,
gave forth a ravishing fragrance; the
walls showed the artist's hand, mingled
with feminine touches of grace
and beauty. Althwart the stage was
stretched a huge United States flag grace-
fully looped in the center and leading the
vision to an excellent portrait of the city's
father, the lamented E. M. Daggett. On
a large streamer, upon which were the
words, "Welcome, Mexican Veterans,"
was suspended an oil painting of General
Sam Houston, and upon a table in front
was a bust of the same old warrior. There
were flowers and festoons, pictures and
paintings, everything, in fact, which
lends attraction to a building. The fire-
men's band discoursed several splendid
airs, both in front of the opera house and
later, in the building. The secretary and a
few of the officers took positions on the
stage and in a few minutes the following
gentlemen were invited to join them:
General S. B. Maxey, Rev. Dr. George,
Captain S. P. Ross, General W. P. Lane,
Colonel J. K. Ashby, Colonel Finch, Dr.
DeShiell, J. W. Bringham, Hon. Silas
Hare, Colonel McNeely, Colonel J. W.
Hall and Major Donaldson.

On motion of General Samuel Bell
Maxey, it was unanimously carried that
all Mexican veterans who were enrolled
on the books of the secretary of the asso-
ciation or who might enroll themselves
during the session should be considered
members of the national organization.

This was done as a preliminary step to
expedite matters and simplify joining
the association.

General M. D. Manson of Crawford-
ville, Ind., president of the National As-
sociation of Mexican War Veterans, arose and
briefly announced the programme of pro-
ceedings, concluding by introducing the
Mayor of the city, who had to welcome
the veterans, a task which he performed
very neatly.

MAYOR BROILES' SPEECH.

Mr. President and Members of the Mexican
War Association of the United States:

I have the pleasure of extending to you
in behalf of the whole people of Fort
Worth, a hearty welcome. I feel that
this is an occasion, to do justice to which
would require the language of a Webster,
or the eloquence of a Demosthenes or
a Cicero—aye, to do a tenth or one
hundredth part of justice to the
occasion. I am no orator and cannot in-
dulge in any extended or extensive
speech; I simply come to you with an old
fashioned, hearty welcome. Our actions
and our words, inspired by and coming
from sincere and patriotic hearts, in-
dicate the spirit in which we receive you,
and speak our feelings louder than can
any mere words of mine. [Applause.]

Let me call your attention to one picture
which you will see looking down upon
you from the ceiling above. It is the
picture of your old friend and comrade,
Captain E. M. Daggett. [Applause.] I
think I can hear his soft, sweet whisper
bidding you a "welcome, comrades." He
is not only loved and honored by you,
but he is regarded, and justly so, as the
father of Fort Worth. His noble acts in
peace as well as his valor in war have
made him great in all hearts. He has
gone now to the great unknown land,
there to await your coming in the near
future, which will witness also your
and our departures. It is pleasant and
most gratifying to realize that in our presence
are those heroes who with him often
rallied around the American flag, and built
upon a firm foundation this glorious coun-
try of ours. Once more I welcome you.
[Applause.]

MR. POWELL'S ADDRESS.

At the conclusion of Mayor Broiles' speech
he introduced to the audience Mr.
T. J. Powell of this city, who had been
happily chosen the orator of the occasion.
Everybody that knew Mr. Powell expected
a fine address, and they were not dis-
appointed. Everybody who did not know
him, and looked upon his rather boyish,
or at best, sophomoric appearance, ex-
pected a sky scraping, barnstorming hur-
rah; all sound and fury signifying nothing,
and they were very much, and very
agreeably, disappointed.

You want to read the speech do you?

Well, just wait till you come it; you
are getting right close to the beginning
of it.

Mr. Powell was in excellent voice al-
beit somewhat nervous. The building
was filled pretty well and many ladies
graced the occasion. A sea of silvery
heads lay in front of him, and hundreds
of friends awaited to hear him. We have
had many fine orations in Fort Worth

within the past month but none better
than this.

Said Mr. Powell:

Veterans of the Mexican war. In
behalf of its patriotic citizens I formally
bid you welcome to the city of Fort
Worth. In your majestic presence a
thousand fancies stir my imagination and
crowd for utterance across my lips. I
speak to you over the grave of an inter-
vening generation with a heart full of ad-
miration for your great deeds, and the
proud consciousness that I at last stand
face to face with the defenders of Texas
and the founders of a great country.

This is a proud day for Texas, and its
pulse throbs with joy as your feet once
more press the soil made sacred by your
blood. Her sons and daughters have
but one thought, and that is you. The
wild grasses upon the prairies, the late
autumn flowers, the birds, the bees, the
rivers and running brooks—all nature,
animate and inanimate—are swelling the
chorus song of this glorious celebration
day.

Your presence does honor to our young
city, and its thousands of homes are
open to you. "Welcome" is written
on every heart and face, and the mute
language of the many eyes around you
speaks that which tongues fail would
tell. Could you go into those homes you
there would see mothers and fathers tell-
ing the story of your martial deeds and
patriotic heroism. On their knees and
circled around them, are children whose
young hearts swell, as with bated breath
they listen. You would see the great-
grand-children of your generation with
throbbing bosoms and cheeks crimsoned
like the rose-petal as they are told the
story of your triumphs upon the field of
battle. You would perhaps see some
young descendant of a dead comrade
with his face pressed against his mother's
breast as she soothes the passions excited
by her words. How often your hearts
must throb when you think of the four
generations that honor you in life. Old
age, with palsied limbs—manhood and
womanhood in the full flush of maturity—
youth in its green spring, and
childhood in its innocent beauty—all,
all honor and love you.

You occupy the most enviable position
that men can hold in the history of any
country. You are the founders of an
empire. Your name and fame is carried
upon its first, best, brightest, purest,
page. And while it is not my purpose to
speak at length of the Mexican war—
leaving that for others older and abler
than myself—I will go back to the year
1846. Then the city of Fort Worth sim-
ply a ranch, was expected to play a part
in the great drama of the future. According
to the meagre historical record to be had
the feet of but two white men had then
pressed the soil which now holds this
proud young city. The rippling of the
two rivers at its northern end had sung
their sweet, mingling music to the ears
of dusky sweethearts and lovers, but the
"pale faces" had never peered into their
depths, or been soothed with the murmur
of their flow. Buffalo browsed upon the
spot where now stands this theatre.

Wild animals and wilder men took
observations from the high bluff within
a bowshot. The great prairies
stretching hundreds of miles toward the
setting sun was a savage waste ruled by
savage men. When I contemplate the
past and present, and realize how mighty
have been the fruits of these years, I am
filled with wonder and amazement. Then
Texas was indeed a "rugged nurse" or
brave men. The war for Texas inde-
pendence had been fought, and the fame
of Sam Houston had risen to a star of
first magnitude—the brightest orb in all
the night of our history. The state was
just flustered into its new place among the
United States when, with a protest about
boundary lines, Mexico precipitated a war
with our government. I will not dwell
upon the triumphs of that brilliant war.
They are but a sublime dream to me. The
battles were fought, the victories won,
and freedom breathed another prayer of
joy over a new land of the free.

Picture the desolate condition of Texas
as it was then, in the light of civilization,
and view it to-day. See the proud cities
rearing their heads where browsed the
buffalo and deer; note the thousands of
miles of railway stretching their huge
girdle from over and across the home
of the savage; listen to the hum of
civilization in farm house, hamlet,
village, town and city; look around you
and see evidences of an advanced social
order, and know that you and your dead
comrades contributed to all this.

You are of the few whose fame is
not tarnished with time in its remorse-
less flight. His plumes, he fits away,
but fans the bright fire of patriotism,
whose light you will ever stand in the
perspective. Other men may come and
go, leaving a record as great in deeds as
yours, but unless like yours their fame is
written upon the first page of their coun-
try's history, they will, with individual
exceptions, be forgotten when children of
many generations to come are flipping
through their earliest words of your triumphs
upon the field of battle.

I bid you welcome to a city named after
one of the gallant heroes of the Mexican
war. In the year 1849, Major Ripley
Arnold of the Second Dragoons, in locat-
ing a line of posts, then recently design-
ated to extend from the Rio
Grande, camped about one mile north-
east of this city, but subsequently
the camp was moved to the head of Hous-
ton street, just four blocks from where
you are now seated. The spot was design-
ated one of the line of posts and the
commanding officer christened it "Fort
Worth" in honor of the brave and gallant
General William Jenkins Worth. Some
of you may have been with that
great general when he stormed the heights
commanding the Bishop's palace at Mon-
terey. This was forty years ago on the
21st of September last, but as I look
into your faces the scene comes before
me; I see the smoke of the battle, hear
the volley of musketry, the roar of can-
ons, the shouts of victory and see the
star-spangled banner triumphantly wav-
ing over the ramparts of the enemy.
After the war General Worth was made
department commander of Texas and
New Mexico and died in San Antonio,
Tex., May 7, 1849. Monuments to his
fame are in several places in Amer-
ica, chief among them being the one
under which he remains now rest, at the
junction of Broadway and Fifth avenue in
New York city. But a greater monument
still is this young city, which will be for-
ever linked with his brilliant achieve-
ments and honored by his name.

With what pride must you turn your
eyes towards the setting sun and feel that
there lies a great area of free
country that was added to the United
States by you, your dead comrades.
All that part of Texas west of the Nueces
river, the territory of New Mexico and
the gold land of California, were the na-
tional fruits of your efforts. Over 300,
000 square miles of our great country was
gained by the Mexican war. Its broad
plains and beauteous mountains, soaring
"Snow-clad through the native sky," is the

historical monument built by your bravery.
Long may it stand with liberty and peace
the inheritance of its sons and daughters.

At the close of that war Texas nestled
securely under the folds of our beloved
flag and commenced its march toward the
destiny of the present and future. Many
years have come and gone since then, pre-
nant with mighty events in the annals of
our history. The greatest war of modern
times has been fought on our common
soil, but not a single star has been stricken
from our common flag, and looking
back over that awful gulf, the citizens
of this city see in you the heroes who
conquered the forces which tried to
keep the "Lone Star" from taking its
position among the cluster on that
flag. I know not where you individually
hail from, but thousands of the descend-
ants of the heroes of the Mexican war are
in Texas, and 'tis a proud boast to trace
the family tree back to some sturdy patri-
ot who fought under General Scott.

You are the survivors in the last war of
American freemen with an alien foe, and
the flag you fought under has never been
lowered in defeat. Peace, with gentle,
all-pervading wing, now quietly presides
over our country, but the American eagle
still stretches his broad pinions over our
national shield, with his eye stretching
from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean and
from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande
river, and one feather plucked watchful
from his plumage would stir the patriotic
resentment of the American people from
circumference to center, and from center
back to circumference.

You are an embodiment of an in-
spiration for the American love of arms,
and though peace reigns that spirit is
not dead. When you were storming the
heights of Monterey, hurrying back the
enemy with tremendous odds against you
at Vera Cruz, carrying the citadel, at
Chapultepec and marching with victorious
foot into the capital of Mexico, you were
building up the glory of American arms.

'Tis to those scenes the youth of to-day
turns, and while his blood is fired with
that spirit he muns because his generation
is in a period of peace and longs for
a Cherubusco and a Pillow to lead him to
a martial victory over the ramparts of an
enemy.

History tells us that when, in May 1846,
Congress made a declaration of war and
authorized the President to accept fifty
thousand volunteers for service over
three hundred thousand rushed forward
to enter the ranks. That is the spirit
still dominant in the American breast,
and if a call were made to-morrow a mil-
lion men would answer the first bugle
blast of war. 'Tis the pride of America
that she has no large standing army.
She needs none. Her soldiers can be found
tilling the fields, handling the yardstick,
in the shops and counting room. They
swarm in the valley, on mountain top,
hill and plain. Their country—"Sweet
Land of Liberty"—need call but once and
their lives are ready to be laid upon its
altar. The "clash of reounding arms"
sweeping upon a gale from any section,
north or south, east or west, would rouse
the whole country. That patriotism
which marked the first struggle for Amer-
ican independence has never lost its
glow, and the stars lighted by Washington's
sword hand still illuminate the American
heart and character. The wars of 1812
and 1846 added fuel to those altars and
supplied anew the fountains wherefrom
the youth of future generations can drink
and be filled with a lofty and just pa-
triotic pride for their country.

A nation has no security so great as the
patriotism of its people. So long as they
love their country it is free, and every
man a soldier in reserve. How ennobling
is this almost divine principle! It lifts
man towards heaven above all selfish in-
clines. It has built proud provinces into
empires and sent the names of their people
a spolia of the heritage through history.
Without it, Thermopylae, Bunker Hill,
San Jacinto, Monterey, Cerrobusco and
a thousand other spots made sacred by
the blood of martyrs, would not now stand
grand-like and sublime along the path of
the world's history. Napoleon, Caesar,
Alexander and Philip would have been
smothered in the vapor of their fruitless
ambitions, had it not animated the breasts
of their proud victorious armies. It is
this spirit that permits our country to
stand secure in its place—foremost among
nations—with a handful of soldiers com-
prising its regular army. Its strength
lies in the vast number of volunteers
who enjoy the peace secured by this
spirit. No dag among civilized nations is
loved by its entire people like the "stars
and stripes." It needs no strong army
to protect it, for it floats over a people
who love its every star and stripe. May
the time never come when a strong mil-
itary force will be necessary to keep its
folds over the entire Union.

It is truthfully said that the strength of
a government can be correctly gauged by
the love of its people for its soldier dead.
How great then must be the strength of
America, when we consider that our
national Decoration Day is now almost
our greatest anniversary? How much
greater proof of our government's
strength it is to see the honor paid our
living war veterans. Look back a few
weeks to the reunion of northern and
Confederate soldiers upon the field of
Gettysburg. It is described as one of the
grandest occasions of our late history.
The bitterest war prejudices were laid
aside, and people were there buried, and
with hearts responsive to each other's
beat, upon the very spot where the flag of
the Confederacy was doomed to become
the emblem of a conquered nation,
northern and southern soldiers joined in
a grand commingling chorus song of
patriotism and love for their common
flag, which was caught up and re-echoed
by the multitude there assembled, and
which still re-echoes and reverberates in
every heart under the American flag.
That same spirit is dominant to-day.
America rejoices to see you here in re-
union. The telegraph is busy sending
the news of your proceedings throughout
the country, and to-morrow morning the
hearts of millions of freemen will be
stirred with patriotic impulses as the
great press tells of your celebration.

But "Peace has its victories, no less
renowned than those of war," and those
victories, too, are won by the patriotism
of the people. Eleven years ago in the
centennial year of our national existence,
the chief executive office of our govern-
ment was in dispute. Wild waves of popu-
lar and partisan prejudices threatened
to overwhelm our institutions. The
handful of soldiers constituting our regu-
lar army was centered at our national
capital. The statue of liberty, poised
over the great dome in Washington,
looked down upon a scene bordering on
revolution. A great crisis was at hand.
A sentence or even a word from those in
authority might have plunged the country
into the horrors of a disastrous
and destructive political war. But pa-
triotism prevailed. The famous electoral
commission was formulated to fill an un-
expected and unprovided for breach.

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